

## A NIGHT-PIECE

*To Bruna*

**B**ENEATH the silence of the moon-dawn shrouded  
The silver sphere lies hid;  
Time and the gods stare silent on the clouded  
Land where the light forbid  
Glow in the west; the day  
Floats, as a dream, away,  
Away into the depths of cloudless blue  
Where love lies sleeping, and where dawn in new.

Red lips and yellow hair, and all forgotten;  
The mirrored silence cool  
Lies, a fair dream, by fallow fields and rotten,  
And by the secret pool  
Shadows reveal their love,  
Cool, shady, as the grove  
Where snoring Pan lies naked to the stars,  
His hot heart cooled beneath his prison bars.

There is a wind along the waste of waters,  
A silence breaks the spell;  
The sea-girt islet holds the sea-king's daughters.  
The syren-queen of hell

Laughs through the golden haze  
Of the light fire ablaze  
In the hair of the comets as they slowly trail  
The path of pain in hell's sweet moon-dawn pale.